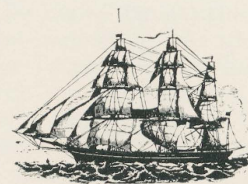


# SEA LETTER

Published by the San Francisco Maritime Museum

ALBERT W. GATOV, President    KARL KORTUM, Director



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*"To the owner of the ship, Duval Moore!"*

*The drawing above by Lyle Galloway illustrates Captain Fred Klebingat's account of a Christmas celebrated "at anchor in a calm bay under a tropic moon." With this story and the following presentation of gifts to the Museum in 1965, we send greetings of the season to our members, and hopes that wherever they spend this holiday, their celebration will be as splendid.*

## Christmas in the South Seas

Aboard the S.N. CASTLE  
at Port Taiohae, 1910

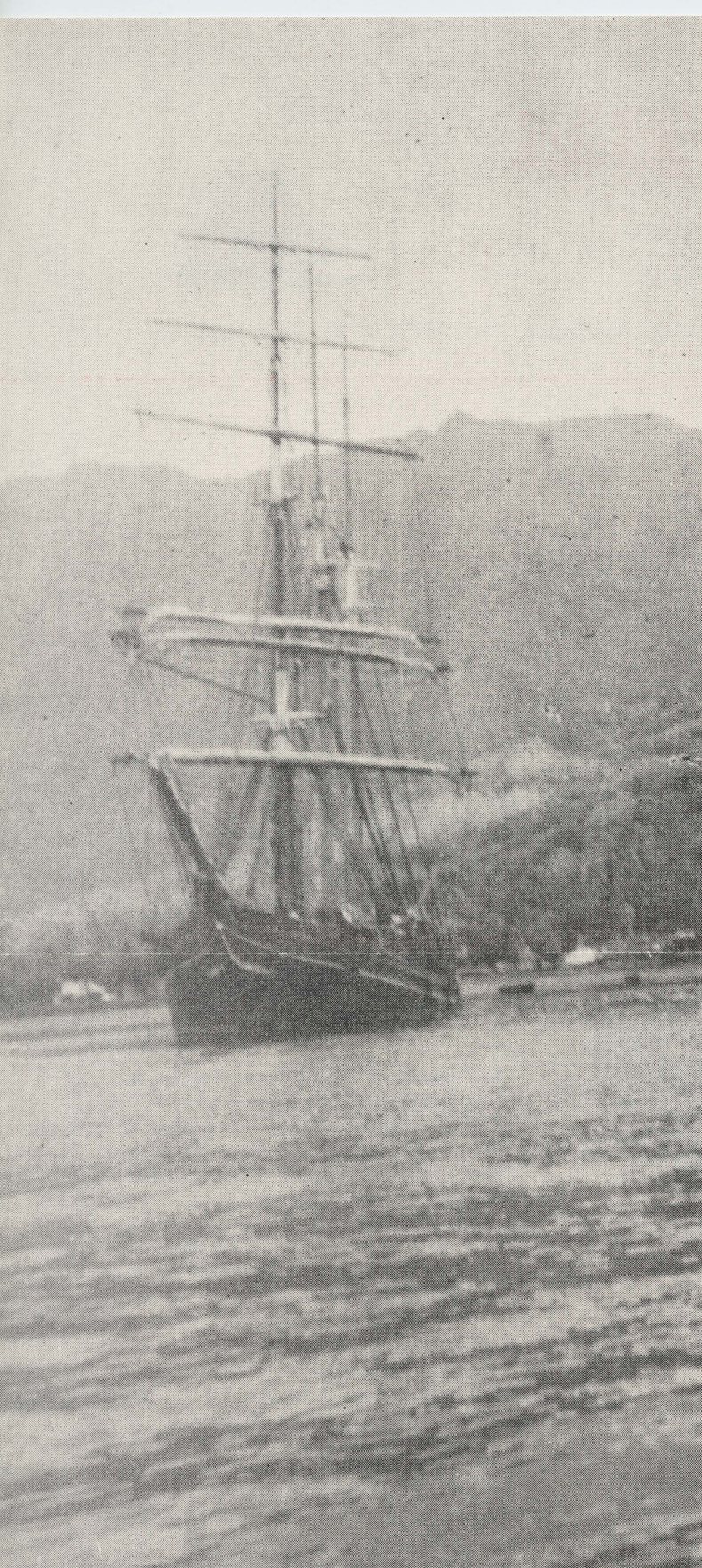
by Captain Fred Klebingat

"Damn it, it is hot," said Singleman, the mate of the American barkentine S.N. CASTLE. "As hot as hell," he continued, as he pulled a red bandana out of his hip pocket and wiped his face and neck, which were dripping with sweat. "Hell could not be more hot than this, if there is such a place," he cried. "Right now I wish I was in Unimak Pass, beating against a northerly wind, straight out of the icy Bering Sea. If this keeps on, I roast to death."

The barkentine S.N. CASTLE had arrived at this place from San Francisco but a few days before Christmas, 1910. That is, at Port Taiohae, on the island of Nukuhiva in the Marquesas, a French possession in the South Seas. We had landed most of our part cargo of lumber and general merchandise that was consigned to the big German Trading Company, Société Commerciale de l'Océans, generally known as S.C.O.

Port Taiohae has the best and most accessible harbor in the Marquesas. It was in those days far off the beaten track. Jack London had been there in the SNARK a few years before, but it would be years before Harry Pidgeon in his ISLANDER and the other adventurers in





*The American barkentine S. N. CASTLE at Port Taiohae, Island of Nukahiva, in the Marquesas. This photograph was taken by Captain Klebingat on the 1910 voyage of which he here speaks. The houses in the background belong to S.C.O., the trading company to which the cargo was consigned.*

## Christmas in the South Seas

small craft who followed his trail discovered it. It was the headquarters of S.C.O., although the seat of French government had been shifted to a place called Atuono, on Hivaoa, the largest island in the group.

It was early in the afternoon of December 24th. The sun, nearly overhead, was beating down on the calm waters of this haven that is shaped like a gigantic caldron. It is more than a mile in diameter; mountains surround it, letting no cooling breezes penetrate. The palm fronds hung listlessly from the trees. Great heat waves rose and shimmered from the glassy surface of the bay. Only to the south and right ahead of the ship was the mountain rim broken, forming the entrance to the harbor with a view of the sea. And if one cared to look that way, one could see gamboling whitecaps in pursuit of one another, urged and hastened on by the strong, cool, refreshing trade wind. On that side where the sun sets, the West Sentinel would be visible, a high rocky islet that terminates this portal. On the very rim of the southern horizon, and right in the middle of the opening, one could view the pinnacled and spired mountains of the island called Uapou.

The natives who toiled in the heat of this inferno did not seem to mind it; they seemed to have become immune to it. There was the gang that carried freight from the flat-bottomed punt that was beached outside the store. Then there were those Marquesans in the lighter alongside who had to stow the freight with their bare backs exposed to the sun. It was my job to drive the donkey engine, the winch that hoisted the cargo out of the ship's hold. I certainly felt the heat as I stood near the donkey boiler. But of all of those about, Singleman, the mate, felt the broiling sun most. You see, for years he had been mate of ships of the Alaska Packer fleet, which left San Francisco every spring, loaded with supplies and manned by fishermen, bound for the salmon canneries in Bristol Bay in the Bering Sea. In the fall of the year, these ships would return to San Francisco deeply loaded with canned salmon. Singleman may have become short of funds; after his payoff from the Packer ship he had paid his debts, and then had had a fling on the Barbary Coast. Therefore he was broke, and he deigned to ship as mate in the S.N. CASTLE, which to him was an undermanned ship. But he was not alone. Working in the cool hold of the ship, and in comparative comfort, were other Alaska fishermen. There was John Adolf, the second mate. John Wind was a Hollander who sailed before the mast. With him was a Belgian, Van der Made was his name, who was quite a linguist. Like that famous writer of sea stories, Joseph Conrad, he had also sailed on Congo River steamers. But now he was a fisherman and a sailor before the mast.

All these men were used to the crowded decks of Alaska Packer ships, where there were a multitude of hands to do the work. They really had not come to this spot to toil. They were going to spend the winter at ease and in comfort and be paid for it. A South Sea tour was just to their liking, and they hoped to return to San Francisco in the spring, when the Packer ships would be fitting out for the coming season. They were looking forward to sailing in sunny and smooth seas, under blue skies and maybe starlit nights, and then to mooring the ship at Tahiti, then a Sailors' Eldorado, with cheap and abundant booze, and amorous adorable brown beauties. They were living in anticipation of moonlight nights on a white coral strand, beneath whispering palms. Reposing in the sand in the cool night air, they would watch these dusky island maidens dancing the hula. No, working cargo in the heat of Port Taiohae was not exactly what they had looked forward to, but in justice to them, they were good shipmates and did their work, nevertheless.



There was whistle from Singleman, the mate, with a motion of his arm that signaled "Heave up." He now walked from the hatch to the rail, at the same time hauling in the slack of the burton with both hands. I hoisted the load from the ship's hold up to the cargo span over the hatch at a lively clip. He set the rope tight and took turns with it at the dolly made for this purpose, which was fastened to the rail. Two whistles from the mate told me to lower away, so I eased the load into the burton, which served to lower the freight into the lighter alongside the ship. A motion of Singleman's arm indicated that I was to stop lowering—the natives in the lighter were not ready to receive the load. It was now near the ship's rail, and we could see that it contained two wooden barrels. The head of each of them was covered by a label lithographed in many hues. It said: "Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer," and below was printed the information that this beer was a product of the Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. A stencil on the staves read "One gross pint bottles."

The mate walked over and patted one of the barrels. "I'd give my payday for this right now," said he. "It's my favorite. A couple of bottles of this right now would cool me off in this godforsaken heat." He turned, and spoke as if talking to himself, but loud enough so I could hear: "Let's hope that those birds down below have enough sense to hold onto a barrel of this!"

Five o'clock came at last, the end of a day that had been toil and sweat. We washed up. Those who could swim dove over the side, ignoring the frantic shouts of our skipper and of Kriech, head man of S.C.O., to get out of the water in a hurry or the sharks would have us. We dressed; none of us looked forward to supper. You see, the cook was the worst grubspoiler God ever made. Down-right starvation only would compel one to sample any of his concoctions. Some of us grabbed a few of the bananas which hung in bunches outside the fo'c's'le door, climbed the fo'c's'le head, and sat down to smoke and curse the cook, or just to yawn.

The sun was rapidly sinking over the West Sentinel. It turned dark quickly, as it does in the tropics. A moon past full now rose over the hills and mountains to port. A faint zephyr, a breath of life, came off the land. It brought a scent of frangipani and other flowers, of leaves and grass, and the smell of damp earth. The stars twinkled in a sky devoid of clouds. The moon rose higher and threw an eery light on mountain and crags. It illuminated the gable end of the store, as if it were freshly whitewashed. The wooden Tiki and the timber shed which it was guarding against thieves stood out in bold relief. The beach was as bright as day. The silvered edges of the palm fronds rustled in the faint breeze. Copra Shed, the abandoned Officers' Club, and the government buildings on the hill off the port quarter stood out ghostly white. Moonlight dissipated the red glow of the harbor light, fixed on a pole atop the now-abandoned fort. The road on the beach, the only good one on the island, was all deserted. The few inhabitants of the village were all at the church for Christmas Eve Mass. Everything was quiet and serene. The stillness was only broken now and then by the gentle swish of the sternline fast to a palm on the beach. Tightened by the undertow, it dropped slowly into the sea as the strain eased. The faint roll and surge of the light surf on the coral strand astern was as rhythmic as if some giant were breathing. From the hills one could hear at times the faint bleat of a wild goat. It was as calm and tranquil as could be.

No one had spoken a word for some time, those of us sitting on the fo'c's'le head. We were all silent until John Wind said: "The skipper is ashore celebrating Christmas

with the trader; he forgets about his crew." He straightened up from the cathead where he had been sitting and spoke: "The Old Man has forgotten, but I have not, that this is Christmas Eve. I have a surprise for you." He cast his eye aft to where the cook had been sitting and said: "I see that the grubspoiler has gone below—I don't want him in on this." Then, turning to me, he whispered: "Give me your flashlight, Fred." He was gone about ten minutes. When he reappeared, he was lugging a bucket loaded with beer bottles in both hands. It was the Pabst Blue Ribbon that Singleman had yearned for! "Let's fetch the mate and the second mate," someone said. "They are really good guys."

"And Pabst Blue Ribbon is the mate's favorite brand of brew," said I. We fetched the mates and passed the bottles. There was no need for openers; everyone had a lumber hook handy, and some of us could remove the caps with our teeth. And so cool it was, coming right out of the wooden hold to the S.N. CASTLE, for no heat could penetrate that stout hull of hers, built as it was of Douglas Fir. So it had preserved for us in those bottles in our hands the chill of an autumn day on San Francisco Bay. Now, wasn't this a splendid way to celebrate Christmas? At anchor in a calm bay under a tropic moon, drinking this cold brew.

Singleman the mate raised the bottle to his lips, took a long swig, wiped his mouth with the back of his wrist, and held the bottle up in the moonlight in evident appreciation. He rose, raised the flask and said: "A Merry Christmas to the man who does not know that he is paying for this—to the owner of the ship, Duval Moore." We all raised our bottles in unity with the Holiday greeting for the donor. Everybody seemed to be so sure that the cost of this celebration was already taken care of. But I, who knew the Old Man, the captain, better than any of my shipmates, did not feel so sanguine about the outcome of this celebration. Sooner or later we would hear more about this, I was sure. But the owner of the ship may not mind, I thought, when he learns that the barrel of Pabst Blue Ribbon had been purloined for such a purpose, to celebrate Christmas and to drink his health.

We had been silent for a while. At last I heard a chuckle from the mate. Then, taking a swig out of the bottle in his hand, he said: "Did you guys ever read a book called *Typee*, written by a fellow called Herman Melville?"

He looked about with a questioning glance and continued. "This bird Melville came here in 1842 in a whaler he calls DOLLY. She must have dropped the hook about where we are now." He took another drink, and said: "When this scow dropped anchor, there were hundreds of young girls swimming around, a kind of female reception committee, so Melville says. They captured the ship and the crew, so the book says." In a reflective mood, Singleman continued: "What a Christmas this would be, if we were captured by such a band of mermaids—but I am sure we are too late for that." He looked at me, nudged me with his elbow and said: "You might know about this, Fred, you have been in this burg before and ought to know the ropes." Single girls were few and far between, and one had to be pretty well known to make the grade, so I told the gang: "We are about seventy years too late. It is a pitiful tale—those pretty maids who received Melville, as the mate told us, and the thousands of natives that were living on this island and in this valley, all are gone, killed by the white man's diseases. But let the mate tell us more about this fellow Melville."

"Give me another bottle of beer," said the mate, as he flung the empty bottle overboard and took another drink. "This here DOLLY must have been a tough wagon, I am



## Christmas in the South Seas

sure, so Melville and his chum Toby made up their minds to beat it," so Singleman said. "Both of them must have taken that trail that you see on the mountain off the port quarter," he continued, pointing in that direction with the bottle in his hand. "They landed in the next valley, called Typee, and Melville fell in love with a girl he calls Fayaway," the mate told us. We had all come to the conclusion that we were many years too late; we should have been here in Melville's time.

We sat and yarned and lolled about, and John Wind made many trips into the ship's hold, her wooden cellar that was keeping the beer cold. We talked about Christmases past, and where we had spent them. Meyer in his jargon, which was part German and part English, spoke of a Christmas he had spent in Hamburg's St. Pauli. My friend Charley had celebrated it in a ship that was collecting a cargo of copra in the Fijis. Billy Hauk, who had been mate in the South Sea schooner GAULOISE, passed Christmas in that ship at Fakarawa in the Tuamotus, Van der Made, the ex-Congo Riverboat skipper, spent several Christmases while under way on the Congo, that great African stream. John Wind spoke of a Christmas spent at the Cannery at Naknek at Bristol Bay, Alaska, as a winter man, a "Sourdough." And John Adolf, the second mate, had at one time spent this holiday at the Yoshiwara at Yokohama with a Japanese lady as company. I related a story of a Christmas spent south of the Cape of Good Hope, "Running the Easting Down." And the mate spoke of a rip-roaring Christman party on San Francisco's Barbary Coast.

Some of us started to hum Christmas carols, and it was after midnight and now Christmas morning when the mate proposed that we all sing *Silent Night*. "Now all together," said he. "Sing!"

Si-i-lent Night, Ho-o-ly Night  
All is calm, all is bright.  
Round yon Vir-r-gin, Mother and Child  
Ho-o-l-y In-n-fant, so tender and mild.  
Sle-e-ep in Heav-ven-ly pea-e-ce  
Sle-e-ep in Heav-ven-ly peace.

It was a mighty chorus that arose (some of my shipmates had very fine voices; Meyer sang in German, John Wind with his bass—a real chain-locker voice—boomed in Dutch, Van der Made chanted in French, and the rest of us caroled the English version of this old Christmas song.) There could not have been a finer and more fitting place to sing this hymn than the great arena of a harbor. Our voices echoed from mountain and crag, and in my mind I visioned my shipmates and I to be great singers on a mighty stage. All the while the great foremast was looking down upon us, a most fitting Christmas tree. Many Christmases ago it had been a sapling Douglas Fir that had seeded itself on the shores of Puget Sound, an immense tree it was before being hewn into this mast. The moonlight silvered the mast and yards, and the furled cotton sails looked like snow. And it mirrored itself in the silvery patterns in the ever-restless, never-quiet waters of the Bay. Like the Star of Bethlehem, Jupiter was on high and right ahead. Sirius sparkled right above us, and amidships of the entrance to the harbor, and above Upou, the Island of the Night, glistened Canopus, another great star of the South. The Southern Cross, now rising, was visible over the mountains east of the portal of the Bay.

Never at any time had this lonely harbor seen such a grand Christmas celebration, never had anyone here heard such a grand choir singing *Silent Night*. Many men of note had visited this port before the arrival of Melville—Com-

modore Porter in the U.S.S. ESSEX, and the Reverend Stewart, Chaplain in the U.S.S. VINCENNES, but these men had left the islands before Christmas, and at any rate, they had never heard of *Silent Night*. Not even in the days of the whaling ships that had come here to "refresh" their crews and were greeted by hordes of swimming brown beauties had this bay resounded with this glorious Yuletide song.

John Wind had made his last trip to the ship's hold. We had sung the last verse, and the echo of our voices died away. Wishing each other "A Merry Christmas," we went to sleep under the bright Marquesan sky.

We finished landing our cargo a day after the holiday; a load of goods contained a barrel labeled "Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer"—empty. We loaded about twenty horses and many pigs that the Old Man had bought for his own account, and we raised the hook and set sail for Tahiti.

It was dawn, just a few days after Christmas when we sighted Takaroa, a northern outpost of that chain of atolls called the Tuamotu or Dangerous Archipelago. We had made a perfect landfall, and I thought that the Christmas celebration and the empty beer barrel had passed unnoticed, or were forgotten.

As was customary with the Captain, he hugged the reef in lee of the island rather closely. It was a glorious morning, one on which it is enjoyable just to be alive. The watch on deck had their coffee and I had mine, and after a smoke, it was my turn at the wheel. I checked the course of the ship once in a while by the compass fixed in a little cubicle built into the after part of the house on the poop, right in front of the man on the wheel. Then I enjoyed the sight. The sky was blue, with a few cumulus clouds hurrying on overhead and veering off to lee. Heeling to a fresh trade and with the wind abeam, the ship slid along at a great clip. Here about a hundred yards or so from the sheltering coral ramparts it was as smooth as a lake. The sails were as white as snow in the strong morning light, as only sails made of cotton can be. Beneath the keel, unfathomed depths that showed up a deep blue; astern, a straight wake as wide as a city street. The dark shadows of the great spanker and ringtail topsail on her starboard side seemed to hasten along, as if they were afraid to lose contact with the speeding ship. It was quiet but for the hum of the wind in the sails and rigging, the gurgle of the water along the ship's side and the occasional "Aerrk, Aerrk" of a pair of red-tailed tropic birds, which showed their snowy plumage and iridescent wings as they nervously fluttered high over the mastheads.

The captain altered the course to clear a point of the reef that appeared ahead of us. It was marked by the white line of breakers and the light green of the shoals. Motu after motu was passed, those little islands that are strung like jade on a necklace around the rim of the shallow reef that surrounds the lagoon. Covered with dense groves of palm and dense undergrowth are they, and framed by dazzling white sandy beaches. They had recovered remarkably well from the devastating hurricane that had struck just a scant five years ago. We passed the narrow shallow channels that separate the islets and saw the sheltered waters inside, and far away the tops of the palms of those motus on the lagoon's weather side.

We now passed the wreck of the four-masted full-rigged ship COUNTY OF ROXBURGH. But for a couple of broken royal yards, she looked as well as she had when she left her builder's yard. And upright she stood, just as if standing in a drydock. Caught in the same cyclone that had ravaged the island, she was cast upon the reef to stand up high and dry. If those that had abandoned her and lost



their lives had but a little more faith in that strong iron hull, they would be among the living. For there their ship stands in fine weather or foul, and many hurricanes will vent their fury on her after the last survivor has passed on. All seemed lonesome and deserted but for this iron ship, which proved that men had been here before. But it was not presently deserted; we sailed on a mile or so and saw blue wood smoke curling up out of a grove near the islands' pass, giving proof that there were villagers about and at their morning repast. Still speeding on, we opened the entrance to the lagoon, with its water green of many shades and a range of blues. To the southeast, the tops of the palms of the sister island called Takapoto peeped over the horizon's rim.

But if in this beautiful setting I thought that the Old Man was taking the ship so close in just to see the sights, I soon found out that I was mistaken. Conning the ship, he would also watch the troll line towing astern. There is mostly good fishing for tuna that close in. But on this day, the Captain was out of luck. He was getting more annoyed every minute, that I could see, and I was sure that someone would be getting it in the neck. And as I was closest to him, that victim would very likely be me.

Captain Von Dahlern was a short, stout man—"One Dollar," he was called by those who did not know his name. "And he was just as broad as he was long," one of the mates on a voyage past had described him to me. He was about 60 years old at the time I am talking about. When he was dressed up in his shore-going togs, and with his wide-brimmed hat and neatly trimmed pointed whiskers, he looked like a cross between a Kentucky Colonel and a retired British Admiral. His walk was a kind of rolling gait; he lifted the whole side of his body whenever he moved his leg. He had walked or waddled fore and back now for some time, between the house and me, and he seemed to get more ill-humored every moment. All of a sudden, daggers in his eyes, he turned to me and said: "Yes. Singing *Silent Night* on Christmas morning; I should have known something was up."

The Captain pointed his finger at me, to more impress me: "And Kriech, the Big Shot of the S.C.O. says to me, 'that is where that barrel of beer is that we are missing.' And me telling him that it was only fourteen barrels that he was entitled to, and not fifteen, as he claimed. 'I can read my own figures,' I told him.

"And then next day you bums send that empty barrel ashore, and make me a damn liar, and Kriech gives me the horse laugh," cried the Old Man. "Mind your steering there, the next thing you will be wrecking my ship. Wait till I get you birds in front of the Shipping Commissioner."

I took it all in and feigned surprise and innocence as I said: "I really do not know what you are talking about, Captain. Can't a fellow sing *Silent Night* anymore without being accused of stealing beer?" I turned the wheel a spoke or two, to bring the ship more on her course, and went on. "And what will the Shipping Commissioner say? Have you any proof, Captain? Where are your witnesses?"

"That will do you now," said the Captain. "I am not here to be told what to do by a damn sea lawyer; you just mind your steering, and no backtalk." He shook a pudgy finger at me. "You just watch, I'll get even with you."

It was best, I thought, to let the Old Man simmer down a while. Then with a peevish voice I spoke up again. "Just the same, Captain, I do not know who swiped that beer. For all I know, the longshoremen in Frisco may have taken it."

"Oh, no, you do not know a damn thing," the Captain



*"It was my job to drive the donkey engine, the winch that hoisted the cargo out of the ship's hold..."*

*Captain Von Dahlern: "When he was dressed up in his shore-going togs, and with his wide-brimmed hat and neatly trimmed pointed whiskers, he looked like a cross between a Kentucky Colonel and a retired British Admiral."*





## Christmas in the South Seas

responded. "You must think that I am green. I just can imagine you birds sitting around while the longshoremen drank that beer! Why didn't you slap their wrists?" he asked sarcastically. "And keep this damn ship on her course while I am talking to you, and button up your lip."

Again I knew I'd better be quiet for a while, all intent on the course I was steering. Then with a grieved voice, and as if talking to myself, I said, "Duval Moore might say, 'Those men of yours, Captain, stole a barrel of beer at Christmas—you don't say? You mean that they should pay for this? Now, Captain, we are no Scrooges, you and I. Let's hope they had a fine time with it. We paid for that beer long ago.' That's what Duval Moore, the owner, might say."

The Old Man had been standing on the port side bracing himself on the afterhouse. He turned abruptly, cupping his hand to his right ear with a face incredulous, as if he could not believe his senses. "Wh-a-a-a-t do I hear? You

insinuate that the owner encourages broaching cargo? What a crust—why, of all the gall . . . !"

After ranting like this, it seemed to dawn on him that he did not have much of a foot to stand on. His case was lost, and he started to see the humorous side of it. He tamped his pipe, which had gone out, struck a match, and cupping the flame with his hand, took a couple of draws. Then he turned to me and said, "You win, Fred. Sending that empty barrel ashore, that made me mad, and then Kriech giving me the horse laugh. It *is* a little late, but Duval Moore and I now make those that drank the beer a present of it, and retroactively wish them a Merry Christmas."

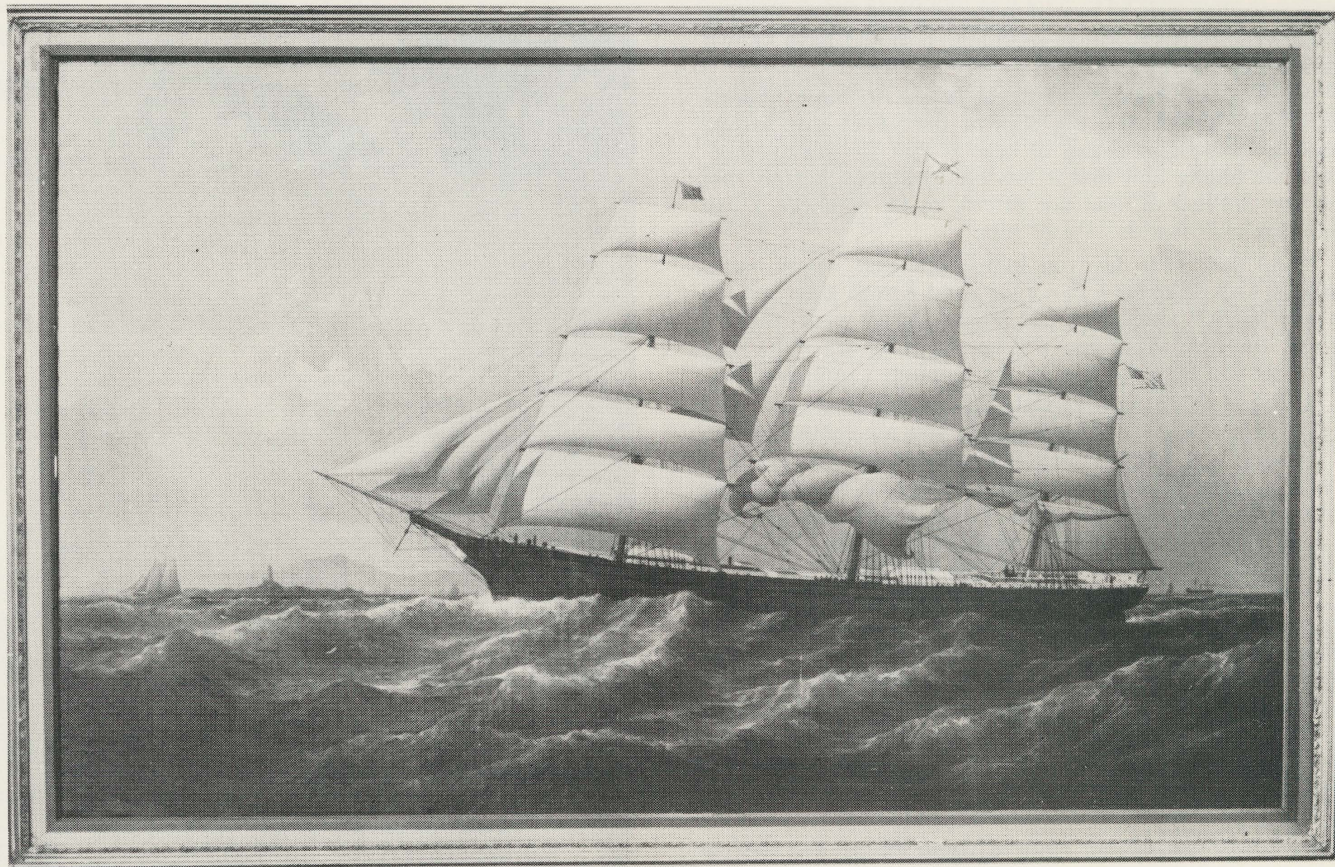
I gave the wheel a couple of spokes.

"But, of course, I am sorry that *you* were not in on this, Fred. It must have been a fine celebration you missed. But let's change the subject," he said with a grin. "It is a beautiful morning."

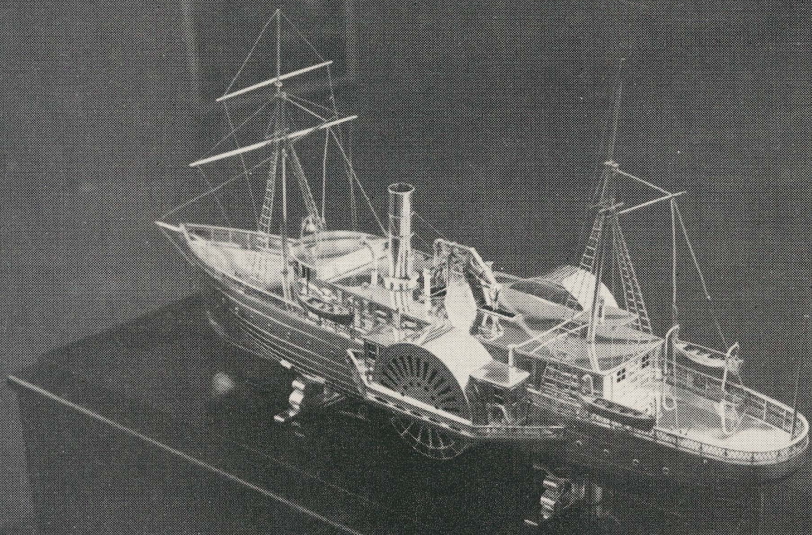
## New Acquisitions & Displays, 1965

*During 1965 the Maritime Museum has received a number of important gifts, and acquired several items through purchase or discovery. Among those not pictured on the following pages are The William T. Miller Collection of East and West Coast steamers; The C. W. Beers Collection of photographs of U.S. war and merchant ships in this harbor from 1943 to 1950; and, in the library, the Gold Rush journal and sketchbook of D. F. Bradford, who sailed to San Francisco to seek gold on the bark CANTON in 1849, the gifts of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald De Graf. Shown below, in photographs by Director Kortum, are also acquisitions that have recently gone on display.*

*Glory of the Seas*, oil on board, 33½" by 54", n.d. artist unknown. This handsome painting of Donald McKay's last vessel (built 1869) was presented to the Museum of Mr. Josiah N. Knowles, III, grandson of Captain Josiah N. Knowles, who was for nine years master of the ship. After leaving the sea, Captain Knowles became a prominent San Francisco merchant and a leading figure in the local whaling industry. *Glory of the Seas* was burned for her metal in Puget Sound in 1923.







*Captain John Leale and his daughters, Edith and Marion, might well be dancing to the music box's tunes in this scene, taken on an Inverness meadow.*

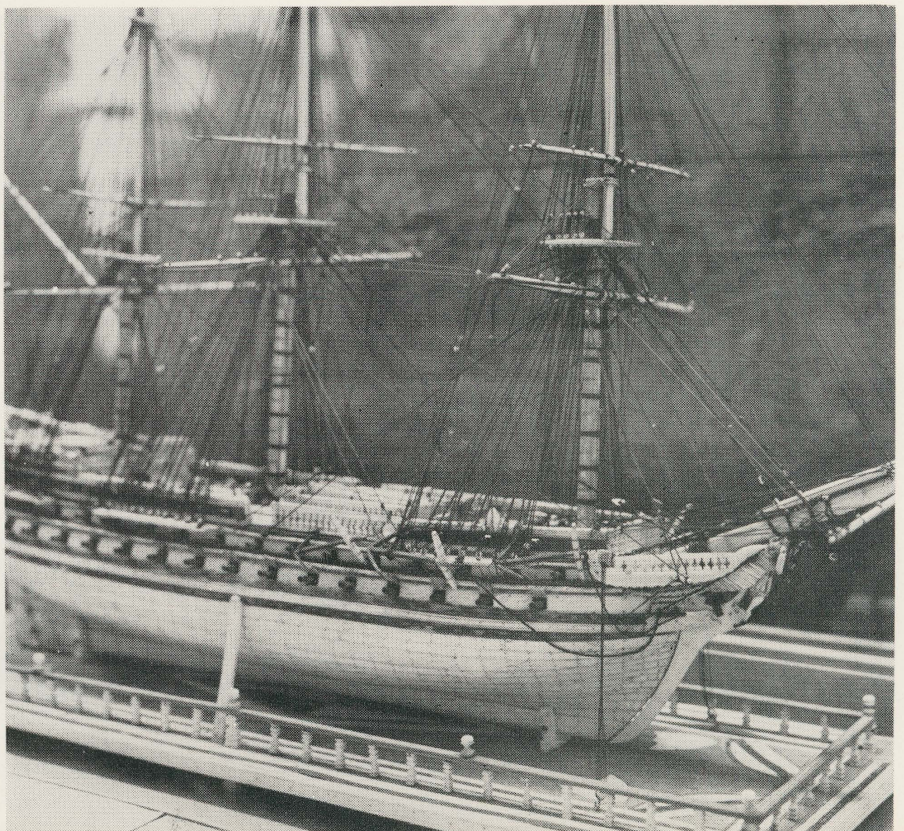


### Walking-Beam, Side-Wheel Steamer Music Box

Among the effects of the well-known ferry Captain John Leale that have been purchased by the Museum is this charming music box, whose paddle wheel and walking beam turn to the drinking song from *La Traviata* and five other arias from Italian opera. The music box, of gold and silver, was made by the San Francisco silversmith Shreve, and can presently be seen (and often heard) in the Museum office.

### French Prisoner-of-War Model

This carved-bone model of a 90-gun ship of the line is an excellent example of the skills of French prisoners of war interned in English prison hulks during the Napoleonic wars. The prisoners, jet workers from Brittany and ivory workers from Dieppe who had been conscripted into the French Navy, built these decorative models of beef bones from their prison fare. ("Aground on her own beef bones," an expression for a ship long at anchor in one spot, may well have originated in the plight of these British hulks that served as prisons.) This model, the gift of Mr. A. R. Sawers of Chicago, is now on display at the Museum.



### Gold Rush Lettersheet

A significant addition to our Gold Rush waterfront collection is this 1851 lithograph of the great fire of May 3rd of that year. This rare print is unique among the many views of this fire in that it shows the store ships *Niantic* and *Apollo* burning.



SAN FRANCISCO

# Maritime Museum

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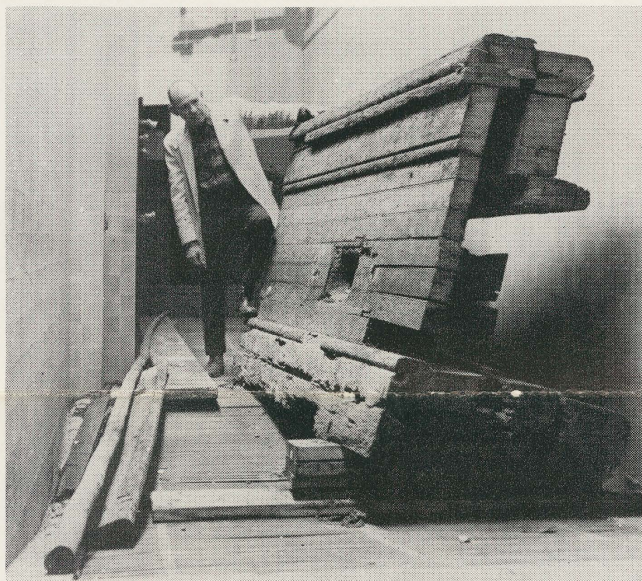
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## SEA LETTER

is sent to members of the San Francisco Maritime Museum, a private non-profit historical society. The museum is supported almost entirely by its three-masted Ship *BALCLUTHA* at Pier 43 and by its members. Interested non-members are cordially invited to join the museum to help support its program of the preservation and display of Pacific Coast maritime history.

RETURN GUARANTEED

### Bulwark Section from the CAROLINE



A section of bulwark from the four-mast schooner *Caroline*, here inspected by Frank Ricci of Petaluma, was salvaged by Museum staff members this year from a cove near Hunters Point just hours before the remains of the vessel were bulldozed over with fill. The *Caroline* was built by Hall Brothers at Port Blakely, Washington, in 1902 for Joseph Knowland of San Francisco, father of the publisher of the *Oakland Tribune*, and grandfather of U. S. Senator William R. Knowland. Hall Brothers, the foremost shipbuilder in Washington during the days of sail, first built a schooner on Puget Sound in 1873. Seafaring men and shipowners spoke respectfully of the speed and handsome appearance characteristic of their vessels, and of the four-mast schooners in particular. *Caroline* carried lumber coastwise and made deepwater voyages with copra as well; she later served as a gravel barge between the Russian River and San Francisco. Her lines and sail plan appear in H. I. Chapelle's standard work, *History of American Sailing Ships*.

### Alaska Cannery Model

A zinc model of an Alaska salmon cannery, received in 1960 from the Alaska Packers Association, is now appropriately on display in the hold of *Balclutha*, ex-*Star of Alaska*. The four-story model, with its painted figures of cannery hands, shows in detail the mechanical and hand operations of a typical cannery. Made in 1899, it was exhibited by the Packers Association at the Panama Pacific Exposition of 1915.

### Gilman Collection of Scrimshaw

Scrimshaw, or the engraving and carving of whale teeth and bone, was the whaleman's unique contribution to American folk-art of the 17th and 18th centuries. The subjects range from recollections of the chase to portraits copied from magazines. The scrimshaw at right is from The William J. Gilman Collection, on loan to the museum since 1951, and donated this year by his widow.

### Stands for Photographic Displays

During a 1964 trip, Director Kortum saw at the Swedish Pavilion of the New York World's Fair two handsome fabric-display stands. Seeing their possibilities for photographic display, he arranged for their purchase. The 7 feet-high stands will be installed in the Museum during the coming year. The purchase was made through loans from Mr. William M. Roth of Washington, D.C. and Mr. Edward Zelinsky of San Francisco.

